THE PANEGYRIKE
AND
THE STORME
TWO
POËTIKE LIBELLS
BY
ED. WALLER
VASSALL TO THE VSVRPER
ANSWERED
BY
MORE FAYTHFVLL SVBIECTS
TO
HIS SACRED MAT^Y
KING CHARLES Y^e SECOND.

Si sciret Regibus uti,
Fastidiret Olus

M. DC. LIX.

UMI

TO THE PVSILLANIMOVS AVTHOVR OF THE PANEGYRIKE.

Why I but now ſalute you, ſave your gueſſe,
Thanke, Sr, your late *Dictatour of the Preſſe*,
Whoſe ſpreading Power, like an *Erratike Plague*,
Though bred at *London*, met me at the [a] *Hague*;
Nor could I ſcape it, if my *Papers* came
To his *endeared Dort* or *Amſterdame*.
[b] More curious *Satyriſts* had ſeen the light,
If [c] that poëtike *Areopagite*
Had from your *Senate* gaind the *voting* Word,
Or *His old Highneſſe more authentike Sword*,
For the Pens priviledge, That all might be
From *Viewes*, & *Cenſures*, or *ſuppreſſions*, free;
That *Truth*, ris'n from the grave, might *London's ſtreet*
Walke, uncontrolled, in her *winding-sheet*;
Not ſmotherd' in the *baskets bottome* lie,
Breathing *short whiſpers*, as forbid *the crie*;
Or by *new Patent* mount th' *unſainted ſtall*
In *Pauls Church-yard*, or *Peters Pallace Hall*.
She had not daunc'd' the *Brawles* with you, but choſe
To charge your [d] *Target-bearing Squires* in proſe:
Nor had her journey loſt, when *Saumais's Ghoſt*
From [e] *Leyden* rid, long ſince, to *Paris*, Poſt.
Tell *Moulin* too, he ſhould not due thankes miſſe
For's *Anaſceuaſtike Para'neſis*:
By whom the *f paper-builded Empire's* blowne
Into the *Leman Lake*, and ſo's *his owne*.
But he wants breath the *British Church* to ſhock,
Not ſet on *Romes Hills*, but *Heav'ns Chryſtall Rock*.
Your *bloud-maintaining crue* no more ſhe'll ſwinge,
But leave to *Furies lash*, and *dire Revenge*.

[a] Vvhere ye printer confeſſed he vvas to print nothing againſt ye Nevv English ſtate, & refuſed to entertaine theſe papers.

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[d] Such as *Milton* in Defens: pro Pop: Angl:

[e] *His Replie to Milton* in neither place obtaining licenſe to be printed, (at leaſt as they pretend shat have it) for vvhich he gave particular charge on his death bed.

[f] ye Presbyterian Government vvhich he calls *Imperium in Imperio*, being irreparably ruind' in that booke, & the independent ſo vveakly founded as it can not ſupport it ſelfe againſt ye ar-

TO THE READER.

THE *following paper being comended to me by a judicious friend, as* Written *with a loyall and generous spirit, I thought fit to present you* with it *at the entrance into our lists.*

TO THE PITIFVLL AVTHOVR OF THE PANEGYRIKE.

Whilsts with a *loftie*, yet a *flatering*, pen
Thus highly you extoll *the worst of men*;
Whilsts *Nero* is by you, as *Trajan*, show'n,
And you, by praysing, make *his crimes your owne*.
Let all impartial, that have eares or eyes,
To heare or reade thy *abiect flateries*,
Be joyfull to be thought to have *no wit*,
Rather then make such *sordide use* of it.
These beare proportion with your *former rimes*,
As these confusd' with *former* hapie *times*,
So you a *noble beauty* drew to th' life,
Then toke your ugly *chambermayd* to wife.
Sure, had you livd' in other *Tyrants* dayes,
Y' had celebrated them with equall prayse,
And we may well beleeve, did he rule here,
You'ld thus extoll *Protesilaus, Lucifer*.

TH

THE ANTIPANEGYRIKE,

OR

SATYRICALL ANSWER

TO

THE SEDITIOVS PANEGYRIKE;

IN VINDICATION

OF

The juſt hæreditary Rights, & ſubjection

DVE TO

My Lord the King, Charles y^e ſecond;

AGAINST

THE TYRANNICAL VSVRPATION.

OF

E.W.'s PARRICIDIALL LORD PROTECTOVR.

Plebs magna, famâ divitum, re pauperum;
Adeſt Tyranno, turbidus quorum furor,
Rem penitus omnem publicam evertit, bona
Namque appetunt aliena, prodactis ſuis
Sumptu immodeſto pariter & ſegni otio.
Iuſta ô Nemeſis, magnique Iovis
Tonitru quatiens cærula cæli,
Igniſque lacer fulminis atri,
Tantos faſtus ſedare tuum eſt.

To the R^t Ho^ble & truely Noble Peere of England, The Earle of Norvvich.

MY LORD,

No Poët laureate, *but your* ſervant, *prayes*
You to accept his Verſe *who weares no* bayes;
Wherein he ſtrives to ſhew he ha's the heart
To dreſſe a Rebell, *if he want the* art.
Prayſe *he expects none, nor requires, as due,*
That this be read, *and he not* chid *by you;*
Yet he's ſecure in that you doe not know him,
Though Elect Lord Protectour *of his poëm;*
Not that he counts his loyaltie *a* ſhame,
But many ſuch as he muſt beare no name;
Hereafter, when he may, ſome other piece
Shall ſpeake his gratitude *far more then this*
Doth his preſumption; *He'll due honour pay,*
Not in ſuch ballades, *but ſome better* way,
Unto your High Name *in the* Loyal Liſt,
Ad mired by th' Anti-panegyriſt.

MY LORD,

Your L^ds unfeigned honourer
and humble ſervant.

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Wa'ke, uncontrolled, in her *winding-sheet*;
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Thus highly you extoll *the worſt of men*;
Whilſts *Nero* is by you, as *Trajan*, ſhow'n,
And you, by prayſing, make *his crimes your owne*.
Let all impartial, that have eares or eyes,
To heare or reade thy *abject flateries*,
Be joyfull to be thought to have *no wit*,
Rather then make ſuch *ſordide uſe* of it.
Theſe beare proportion with your *former rimes*,
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Sure, had you livd' in other *Tyrants* dayes,
Y' had celebrated them with equall prayſe,
And we may well beleeve, did he rule here,
You'ld thus extoll *Protectour Lucifer*.

THE

THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE
ANSWERING
THE PANEGYRIKE.

PANEGYRIST.

1 Whilſt with a ſtrong, & yet a gentle hand
You bridle Faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from our ſelves, and from the Foe;
Make us unite, and make us conquer too.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

1 Whilſt with a conſcience blackher then yor ſoke
A *blond-ſaint to præcanonize* you thinke,
In vaine by him to be *protected* you
Hope from *your ſelfe*, *Hell*, and the *halter* too.
There is *within* you, & *without*, will ſhhow,
No *Rebell* can protect you from your *Foe*.

PANEGYRIST.

2 Let partial ſpirits ſtill aloud complaine,
Thinke themſelves injurd, that they can not reigne,
And owne no libertie but where they may
Without controwle upon their fellowes prey.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

2 Let your ſpurre-gawld' *Presbyterie* complaine,
Of being over-ridden in their reigne;
We meane to ſhake the bridle off, and bring
Your diſunited neckes into *one ſtring*;
So we, with *liberte* and *iuſtice* may
See *fowles of rapine* on their fellowes prey.

Let your

PANEGYRIST.

3 Above the waves as Neptune ſhewd' his face
To chide the windes, and ſave the Trojan race:
So hàs your Highneſſe, raiſd' above the reſt,
Stormes of ambition toſſing us repreſt.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

3 We have aſſurance yet of ſuch a turne
Troy rovants. As may make *New Troy*, like the *old*, to burne,
When *Neptune* ſhall not dare to ſhew his face,
Vnleſſe to drowne the unconſumed race,
And, next, himſelfe; or be, theſtorme repreſt,
Raiſd' *fifiie cubits high* above the reſt.

PANEGYRIST.

4 Your drouping Countrey torne with civile hate,
Reſtord' by you, is made a glorious ſtate,
The ſeate of Empire, whither Iriſh come,
And the unwilling Scotch to fetch their doome.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

4 By whom the *State* is become ſuch a *Thing*,
As it would once have made *a glorious King*,
Enſlaud' to *Tyrannie*, where *Irish* come.
And *Scots* to fetch what th' *English* haue at home,
New chaines and *ſhackles*. Thus it is reſtord,
From *civile hate*, with *Furie* to accord.

PANEGYRIST.

5 The Sea's our owne, and now all Nations greet
With bending ſailes each veſſel of our fleet.
Your power extends as farre as windes can blow,
Or ſwelling ſailes upon the Globe may goe.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

5 *Charles* hàs not quit his *Seas* to you, nor yet
Nations their right, that *curſe* you when they *greet*.
The windes can blaſt your power when they blow
Your ſhips, as *Pride* your hearts, to *Domingo*;
And ſend you backe with tatterd' ſailes to ſeeke
Inglorious victorie in ſome ſmall creeke.

PANEGYRIST.

6 Heav'n that hath placd' this Iſland to give lawe
To ballance Europe, and her States to awe;
In this conjunction doth on Brittaine ſmile,
The greateſt leader, and the greateſt Iſle.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

6 Heav'n placd' a *King* in *Brittaine* to give lawe
Vnto good ſubjects, and ſuch *Rebells* awe;
At the *conjunction*, which it ſuffers, ſmiles,
The *baſeſt Leader* in the *beſt of Iſles*,
Whoſe *Greatneſſe* got by *fraud*, not gallant *force*
Became *Hells Ballancer* of *Europe's* curſe.

PANEGYRIST.

7 Whether this portion of the World were rent
By the rude Ocean from the Continent,
Or thus created; it was, ſure, deſignd
To be the ſacred refuge of mankind.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

7 If raging ſeas rapt from the continent
This portion of the World, they, ſurely, meant
To none, but the *right Lord*, themſelves to yeild
A circulary *Fence*, or waving *ſhield*.
If thus layd out for *men*, twas not to be,
As now, the *Foxe* and *Tigers* propertie.

PANEGYRIST.

8 Hither th' oppreſſed ſhall henceforth reſort
Iuſtice to crave, and ſuccour at your Court.
And then your Highneſſe not for ours alone,
But for the worlds Protectour ſhall be know'n.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

8 Where *fooles* are catcht by craft, & *cowards* crouch
Damne their ſoules for their eaſe, you, ſ^r, are ſuch,
Whither th' oppreſſd you name, that ſhall reſort,
Are none but *Rebells*, ſuch as in that *Court*,
Iuſtice & ſuccour there's for others none,
Of them let yours be *Grand-Protectour* knowne.

PANEGYRIST.

9 Fame ſwifter then your winged Navie flyes
Through ev'ry Land that neare the Ocean lyes;
Sounding your name, and telling dread full newes
To alb that piracie and rapine uſe.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

9 Faine would your winged *Nauie* outfly *Fame*,
To gaine a Land that hath not heard hie name,
And entertainment, ſuch as heretofore
The *Engliſh* had upon a better ſcore;
All ſhoares ſalute you now, before you can
Arrive, *Chiefe Pirates of the Ocean.*

PANEGYRIST.

10 With ſuch a Chiefe the meaneſt nation bleſt
Might hope to lift her head above the reſt,
what may be thought impoſſible to doe
For us embraced by the Seas and you?

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

10 What Nation would not ſuch a *Cheat* deveſt,
That had a noble *hand*, or *head*, or *breſt*,
Wiſdome or *courage* to *contrive*, or *fight*,
To *countermine* his counſel, *match* his might,
Which is not thought impoſſible to doe,
For all y^e *Seas* embracements, *Him*, or *you*.

PANEGYRIST.

11 Lord of the worlds great waſt, the Ocean, we
Whole forreſts ſend to reigne upon the Sea,
And every coaſt may trouble or relieve,
But none can viſite us without your leave.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

11 Let with us *Head* or *Member* of the vaſt
World once *unite*, where's your *Lord of the waſt?*
Iſai. 10. 17. We may find *light* & *fire* then *to conſume*
The glory of your forreſt into fume;
And every coaſt, you trouble, we'll relieve,
But firſt ſhall *viſite Him to take our leave.*

PANEGYRIST.

12 Angels and we have this prærogative,
That none can at our hapie Seas arrive,
While we deſcend at pleaſure to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aide.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

12 If *yours* vaile not to *Heav'ns prærogative*,
Deſcend in *Pluto's* black fleet, and arrive
Where your *Sea-Angels* are; We'll ſend you thither
By *Styx* or *Phlegethon*, we care not whether.
There *Vengeance* take you who ne'r offer *aide*
But while you want a ſeaſon to *invade.*

PANEGYRIST.

13 Our litle world's the image of the great,
Like that, amidſt the boundleſſe Ocean ſet;
Of her owne growth hath all that Nature craves,
And all that's rare as tribute from the waves.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

13 That litle *Iſle* improperly is ſed'
The Great Worlds *image*, ſince *without an head*,
Except that *braſen* one, which rules, and ſpeakes,
By ginnes, & ſcrewes, now *thunders*, & then *ſqueakes*.
The Land unnaturally beares, by charmes,
From ſerpents teeth *Cadméan* men in armes.

PANEGYRIST.

14 As Ægypt does not on the clouds relie,
But to the Nile oWes more then to the skie:
So What our earth, and What our heav'n denies,
Our ever conſtant friend the Sea ſupplies.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

14 *Ægypt* hàs been obligd'to both, ſomeWhile
For flies and lice to clouds, for frogs to *Nile*;
Your Land hàs plagues enough, need not relie
On *River prodigies*, or monſtrous skie;
Yet may you have them, and, if God thinke good
Windes bring you locuſts, & all waters *blood*.

PANEGYRIST.

15 The taſt of hot Arabias ſpice we know
Free from that ſcorching ſun that makes it grow;
Without the worme in Perſian ſilkes we ſhine,
And without planting drinke of every vine.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

15 The taſt of hot *Arabias* ſpice was knowne
Before your *ſcorcht-noſe-Maſter* climbd the *Throne*;
Of Conſcience, ὁ σκώληξ ὁ τελευτᾷ. And *Perſian* ſilkes were fetcht, for which you ſtorme
All ſailing Forts, & ſhine, but with the worme.
We, where we planted not, nor *preſſd*, had wine
Vnrobd, *Vnrackt*, for merchandiſe or coine.

PANEGYRIST.

16 To digge for wealth we wearie not our limbs
Gold, though the heavieſt metall, hither ſwims.
Ours is the harveſt, where the Indians mowe,
We plough the deep, and reape what others ſowe.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

16 *Iaſon* ſaild' with his, *Argonauts*, you keep
Forſooth at home, and plucke the golden sheep.
You take your eaſe, and digge not for your wealth,
All *Cheſt*-and-*Church robbing* you note no ſtealth
Whoſe harveſt *mowes* the *Indian*? yours? Wou'd you
Not have the *ſpaniard carre* it for you too?

Things

PANEGYRIST.

17 Things of the nobleſt kinde our owne ſoile breedes,
Stout are our men, and warlike are our ſteedes.
Rome (though her Eagle through ye world had flow'n)
Could never make this Iſland all her owne.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

17 The ſteadie ſoile ſtill noble things doth breed,
But they degenerate that on them feed;
The *Aſſe* ſtill takes her load; the *ſteed* is ſtout,
Some men are *warlike*, but *there you're leſtout*,
The *Roman Eagle* towrd' ye world, but when
Britaine ſhe quit, pray *who Protected then?*

PANEGYRIST.

18 Here ye third Edward, and the Blacke Prince too,
France-conqu'ring Henry flouriſhd', and now you;
For whom we ſtayd, as did the Græcian ſtate,
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

18 Who was that *Edward?* conqu'ring *Henry?* famd'
Black Prince? how? *Cromwell* or *Williams* ſirnamd'?
If from that *Royall* ſtemme your *Idol* ſpring,
Why does he boggle at the title *King?*
The *Grecian* fate was conqueſt, then or ſince,
Who allowd' that to *Poultrone* or'e his *Prince?*

PANEGYRIST.

19 When for more worlds the Macedonian crid',
He wist not Thetis in her lap did hide
Another yet, a world reservd' for you
To make more great then that He did subdue.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

19 Had the World's *Macedonian Master* wist
Where such a *Monster* lodgd, he would have mist
All his victorious trophies, to subdue
That armd' *Impostour*, and his *Poët* you.
He had more honour got, more justice done
In your chastisement then in what he won.

PANEGYRIST.

20 He safely might old troupes to battaile leade,
Against th' unwarlike Persians and the Mede,
Whose hastie flight did from a bloudlesse field
More spoile then honour to the Victour yeild.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

20 * No confidence in troupes, nor [a] *Gordian* fate
Could speed his march through the [b] *Cilician* streight,
Which passd', He fought, with leftwing well right, worse,
While the *Mede* rowted his *Thessalian* Horse.
The *Persian* flight gave not that day, the thing
Was a [c] *fixt love of subjects to their King.*

* *Vt solet fieri, cùm vltimi discriminis tempus aduentat, in solicitudinem versa fiducia est.*

a Q. Curt. l. 3. *Gordium nomen est vrbis (in Phrygia) quà in suam ditionem redactà, Iouis Templum intrat, vehiculum quo Gordium Midæ patrem vectum esse constabat, adspexit ------- Notabile erat vinculum adstrictum, compluribus nodis in semetipsos implicatis & celantibus nexus. Incolis deinde affirmantibus, editam esse oraculo sortem, Asiæ potiturum qui inexplicabile vinculum soluisset, ne in omen verteretur irritum incœptum. ... Nihil, inquit Alexander, interest quomodo soluantur, gladioq; ruptis omnibus loris, oraculi sortem vel elusit; vel impleuit*

b *Alexander fauces iugi, quæ Pylæ appellantur, intrauit, contemplatus locorum situm, non aliàs magis dicitur admiratus esse fœlicitatem suam: obrui potuisse vel saxis confitebatur, si fuissent qui subeuntes propellerent. .... Thracas leuiter armatos præcedere iusserat, scrutariq; calles, ne occultus hostis in subeuntes irrumperet; sagittariorum quoque manu occupauerat iugum: intentos arcus habebant, moniti non iter ipsos inire, sed prælium.*

c *Namque haud facile dictu est, præter ingenitam illi genti erga Reges suos venerationem, quantùm huius vbique regis vel admirationi dediti fuerint, vel charitate flagrauerint.*

PANEGYRIST.

21 A race unconquerd', by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians armd' with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your name,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

21 The *Caledonian* conqueſt is his ſhame,
Victour and *Vanquiſhd'* where are both the ſame;
Had they been all like *loyal*, or like *bold*,
He had there *ſterv'd'* for want, or *froz'n* for cold.
Their *King*, S^r^, whom you once have ownd', *Charles namd*
May make yor *Maſter* act *The Tamer tamd'*.

PANEGYRIST.

22 Whom the old Roman wall ſo ill confind,
With a new chaine of guarriſons you binde,
Here foraigne Gold no more ſhall make them come,
Our Engliſh Iron holds them faſt at home.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

22 *Dutie* conteind' the beſt, others the *Wall*
Confind', till bribd' by *Gold*, decoyd by *Call*,
Rebells with *Rebells* then were *Covenant-bownd*,
Till new *Engagement* could old *League* confound.
In *iron chaines* you hold them now at home,
But you 'll be *love-lincks* with'em when we come.

PANEGYRIST.

23 They that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region then their hilles of snow,
May blame the Sun, but must extoll your grace
Which in our Senate hath allowd them place.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

23 There is a *rising Sun*, which they may know
Warmer then is your glistring *starre of snow*,
Whose *base light* with *Majestike rages* combines,
And by a counterfeit reflection shines.
The *Scots* in your *mock-Senate* may finde place,
And so in *Clinke* or *Newgate* by *new grace*.

PANEGYRIST.

24 Præferrd' by conquest, hapily or'ethrowne,
Falling you rise to be with us made one.
So kinde Dictatours made, when they came home,
Their vanquishd' foes free Citizens of Rome.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

24 This your præferment is, thus overthrowne,
Estate, nor libertie, nor life's your owne,
Nor yet your *Reason*, which he will engage
To contradiction in *free-vassalage*.
So proud *Dictatours*, when true triumphs faile,
Would have poore brutes lead at their chariots taile.

PANEGYRIST.

25 Like favour finde the Iriſh with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our ſtate,
While by your valour, & your bounteous minde
Nations, divided by the Sea, are joind'.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

25 Th' *Iriſh* he doomd' to a more early fate,
His *vote* his *valour* did anticipate;
When with the *Publike Fayth* he firſt got in,
Before the *Beare* was killd', to ſell her ſhin.
The *Scots* and they now in his bounteous band,
Whom *Sea* divides, are alike chaind by *land*.

PANEGYRIST.

26 Holland, to gaine your friendſhip, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent;
She from her fellow-provinces would goe
Rather then hazard to have you her foe.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

26 *Holland*, content abroad with you to rome,
Will guard her ſelfe againſt you yet, at home,
And though now hand in hand, well matchd' ye goe,
Muſt, when her *fellow Provinces* ..... be foe.
But for her *trades advance* ſhe may ſtyle *friend*
The *Pagan*, *Turke*, *Him*, or *Infernal fiend*.

PANEGYRIST.

27 In our late fight when canons did diffuſe,
Preventing poſts, the terrour and the newes,
Our neighbour Princes trembled at their rore,
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

27 *Princes* that heard the *newes*, or the *report*,
Laughd' lowder then your canons at the *ſport*,
Republike with *Republike* ſo to fight,
Vanquish each other; and then reünite,
Ints *faint friendſhip* driven by your *feares*,
Which *falſe conjunction* truely ſtrengthens theirs.

PANEGYRIST.

28 Your never failing ſword made warre to ceaſe,
And now you heale us with the acts of peace;
Our mindes with bountie, and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and reſtraine our rage.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

28 So never faild' that ſword to make *warre ceaſe*,
When it comanded *ſlaves* to call *warre peace*.
Still are there ſuch *new conflicts* in your breſt,
As ſignifie his *peace* gives you no *reſt*.
Bountie and *Awe* engage (but how?) in courſe,
This by the *Kings power*, that the *ſubjects purſe*,

PANEGYRIST.

29 Leſſe pleaſure take brave mindes in battailes won,
Then in reſtoring ſuch as are undone.
Tigers have courage, and the rugged beare,
But man alone can whom he conquers ſpare.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

29 More pleaſure take baſe mindes in victorie
Got by ſecure *deceit*, then *chivalrie*.
What an *Apoſtate Poët* knowes was *bought*,
He muſt crie up as *won*, and ſing *Well fought*.
Tigers & *beares* have mercie, like their *brother*,
To ſpare one lambe, while they're devouring th' other.

PANEGYRIST.

30 To pardon willing, and to puniſh loth
You ſtrike with one hand, but you heale with both,
Lifting up all that proſtrate lie, you grieve
You can not make the dead againe to live.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

30 Who, he knowes, dare not die, he dares let live,
And to them a *left-handed pardon* give:
Whom he findes to ſubmit and flatter loth,
He *ſtrokes* with one hand, but *cuts off* with both.
Thoſe that he can not reach, he wiſheth dead,
Having elſe *little hope to ſave his head*.

30

PANEGYRIST.

31 When Fate or Errour had our Age misled,
And or'e this nation such confusion spread,
The onely cure which could from heav'n come downe
Was so much power and pietie in one.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

31 When *Rebell spirits* had misled our *Age*,
And put three calmed Nations into *rage*,
Heav'n, for *Fayth's* triall, found (suspending cures)
No such *Hypocrisie* as his and yours.
Rapine and *Regicide*, to get a crowne,
For your *Protectour*, from heav'n came not downe.

PANEGYRIST.

32 One whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope againe that well-borne men may shine:
The meanest in your nature mild & good,
The noble rest secured in your blood.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

32 *Ignoble actions* shame an ancient line,
In which sphere but *portentous comets* shine,
Extracted from a foggie aire, drawne high'r
The name of *new* or *false lights* to acquire.
The *best*, made *meanest*, speake his nature good,
The *headlesse Peeres*, in theirs, *Croyn his blood*.

Oft

PANEGYRIST.

33 Oft have I wondred how you hid in peace
A minde proportiond' to ſuch things as theſe;
How ſuch a ruling ſp'rit you could reſtraine,
And practiſe firſt over your ſelfe to reigne.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

33 To ſave your *wonder*; He that hides in peace
His head from *catchpoles*, for ſuch *ſlights* as theſe
Fits it at leiſure; Feeds *Deſpaire* and *Malice*,
Drencheth'em well in the *dray-fat* or chalice,
This *boldneſſe* giues, which *Prudence* may reſtraine,
Till *fooles*, met in a *Senate*, ſtrive to reigne.

PANEGYRIST.

34 Your private life did a juſt paterne give,
How fathers, huſbands, pious ſonnes ſhould live,
Borne to comand, your Princely vertues ſlept,
Like humble David, while ye flock he kept.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

34 His private life and gifts debauched none
But *Conventiclers*, razd' no *Church* nor *Throne*;
Three kingdomes rue that *Nature* could not ſmother
Him and his *Princely vertues* in their *mother*.
Your *Oliver* had no *King Davids* call,
Nor was *King Charles* the firſt a *ſecond Saul*.

PANEGYRIST.

But when your troubled Countrey calld' you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchleſſe worth,
Dazeling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a proſp'rous end.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

Such a call *Varus* toke from *Afrikes* rout,
When wiſe *Ligarius*, firſt calld', ſhifted out,
Scorning ſo falſe a copie to ſet Nature,
Head *Members* that make up a monſtrous feature.
He had no *Countrey-ſummons*, were't not pitie.
His *flaming ſpirit* ſhould fire the *calling Citie?*

PANEGYRIST.

Still as you riſe, the ſtate, exalted too,
Findes no diſtemper; whilſt 'tis changd' by you,
Changd' like the Worlds great ſcene, when without noyſe
The riſing Sun nights vulgar' lights deſtroyes.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

The *ſtate* ſtill, as he riſeth, riſeth too,
And when he falls, both that muſt fall, and you;
Like fawcie *Lucifer*, before the *Sun*
He ſteps in, when *Sol* comes, his *ſparkle* 's gone.
The great and litle World would feel a change,
Should none in them but *he* and *Venus* range.

PANEGYRIST.

37 Had you ſome ages paſt this race of glory
Run, with amazement we ſhould reade your ſtory;
But living Vertue, all atchievements paſt,
Meetes Envie ſtill to graple with at laſt.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

37 Had his *Rebellion* in paſt ages been,
We might have with leſſe horrour *read* then *ſeen*;
His had been a *non-pareil Villaines* glory,
But we had onely *read*, not *made*, the ſtory.
Hereafter none will *prayſe*, few *credit* give,
None but *State-Rebells* envie him that live.

PANEGYRIST.

38 This Cæſar found, and that ungratefull age,
With loſing him, went back to bloud & rage:
Miſtaken Brutus thought to breake the yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that ſtroke.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

38 *Cæſar* was no ſuch *Monſter*, tis not ſed',
He did his Maſter *binde*, *loſe*, then *behead*;
He a long-racd' *rebellious Conſulate*
Reducd', but to no *Independent ſtate*;
Brutus did ſomewhat, but his ſtroke not, miſſe,
No more may diſcontented *Lambert* his.

PANEGYRIST.

39 That ſun once ſet, a thouſand meaner ſtarres
Gave a dimme light to violence and warres,
To ſuch a tempeſt as now threatens all,
Did not your mightie arme prevent the fall.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

39 The *Sun* is ſet, none but *dimme lights* appeare,
That would faine *glaze* a Night can't *guild* a Yeare,
Till our *Auguſtus* by his birth' and merit
Come the *uſurped Chariot* to inherite;
He 'll with his conqu'ring rages all clouds diſpell,
Check *Boreas*, how big ſoere he ſwell.

PANEGYRIST.

40 If Romes great Senate could not weild that ſword
Which of the conquerd World had made them Lord;
What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was new,
To rule victorious armies but by you?

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

40 *Romes Senate*, overgrowne with Warres ſucceſſe
Could not their *conqueſt* weild their *Counſells* leſſe;
Pompey will have no *Peer*, *Caſar* will run
Any riſque rather then ſtoup to his *Son*.
For *Empire* both. Your *ambidextrous* Mate
Modells *Monarchicall Multivirate*,

PANEGYRIST.

41 You that had taught them to ſubdue their foes,
Coul order teach, and their high ſpirits compoſe,
To every duty could their minde engage,
Provoke their courage, & comand their rage.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

41 He that had taught them, by texts ill-applied,
Religious loyaltie to caſt aſide;
All that could be calld' order to confound,
Yet by his ſteps to tread a *mazed ground*;
May them engage his *darke plots* to complete,
They muſt march on, that can't ſtand, nor retreate.

PANEGYRIST.

42 So when a Lion ſhakes his dreadfull main,
And angrie growes, if he that firſt toke paine
To tame his youth, approach the haughtie beaſt,
He bends to him, but frights away the reſt.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

42 So yeilds the warlike ſteed, once battail-proofe,
That breathed lightning to his thundring hoofe,
Strucke blinde by fury, or his foe, ſtands ſtill,
To be lead to ſome *dray-cart*, or ſome *mill*,
There with unbended ſpirits, takes awfull paines
To finde Him *griſt* who ſcarce feeds him wth graines;

PANEGYRIST.

43 As the vext world, to finde repose, at last
It selfe into Augustus armes did cast:
So England now doth, with like toile oppreſt,
Her wearie head upon your bosome reſt.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

43 Few pitie one with *needleſſe toile* oppreſt,
She that wo'nt give her ſelfe, deſerves no, *reſt*,
She hangs her mournfull harpe upon a willow,
To take *a nap*, but yet, without *a pillow*.
When ſhe calls, by affrightments raisd' from ſleep
For *Charles*, He will her from *Protectours* keep.

PANEGYRIST.

44 Then let the Muſes with ſuch notes as theſe,
Luke 19. 42. Inſtruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battailes they hereafter ſhall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

44 He 'll teach you more ſublime notes to reherſe,
If you heare him from whom you toke that verſe;
But ſince the battailes of your valiant *king*
You leave, to flatter that *new-harneſsd' Thing*.
The *Queen* of yo' *Baſe-Muſes*, cauſe you claw her,
Make you the *Traitours cunning Picture-drawer*,

PANEGYRIST.

45 Tell of townes ſtormd', of armies overcome,
Of mightie kingdomes by your conduct wonne;
How while you thundred clouds of duſt did choke,
Contending troupes, & ſeas lay hid in ſmoke.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

45 But when you come to *ſtorming* a great Towne,
I pray forget not *London Lord-Mair's* gowne;
To write of *battailes* when your finger itches,
Thinke what was done once in the *Citie-breeches*.
And when of thundring canons, ſeas in ſmoke,
Give us the winde, S^r^, & doe't till you *choke*.

PANEGYRIST.

46 Illuſtrious acts high raptures doe infuſe,
And every conquerour creates a muſe,
Here in low ſtraines your milder deed's we ſing,
But there (My Lord) we'll bages and olive bring.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

46 *Vertue* crownd' with ſucceſſe creates no *Poët*,
But can triumphant be, though no man know it;
Abhorred acts the raptures doe require
Of ſome forcd' Muſe, that ſtraines for *feare*, or *hire*.
So yours to *Traitours* vill the *olive* bring,
Rather then take the *wreathd' bayes* from the *King*.

PANEGYRIST.

47 To crowne your head, while you in triumph ride
Ore vanquishd' Nations, and the Sea beſide;
While all your neighbour Princes unto you,
Like Ioſephs ſheaves, pay reverence and bow.

ANTI-PANEGYRIST.

47 A *Galway* muſt be furniſhd' for this courſe,
A *Dutch mare*, *Irish*, *Hoby*, and *Sea horſe*,
But a malignant neighbour does not meane it,
To have him perching on a *Spaniſh tennit*.
Le grand pas. Now if you ſwift-wingd' *Pegaſus* beſtride,
You 'll ouerflie him that muſt the *Grand paw* ride.
Yet, Sr, what thinke you, ſhould this journey alter,
He ſwimme in *bloud*, while *you* ſwing in a *halter*?
But I will leave you whining at the *gallowes*,
Whence if you paſſe to *Dunſtans* or *All hallowes*,
Let who will ſcratch in ſtone your Epitaph,
I wiſh your ſin, not you, a ſilent grave.

FINIS.

APOSTSCRIPT TO Mr WALLER

BEING

The feigned Charge of a faire Lady, with too much truth; traversd' To a foule Courtesan.

ASTROPH: & STEL:

——— For Tyrants make folkes bow:
Of foule rebellion *then Idoe appeach thee now;*
Rebell *by Natures law*, Rebell *by law of Reason.*
Thou sweeteſt subject wert borne in ye Realme *of Love,*
And yet againſt thy Prince *thy force do'ſt dayly prove:*
No vertue merits praiſe, once toucht with blot of Treason.
But valiant Rebells *oft in fooles mouths purchaſe fame;*
I now then ſtaine thy white with vagabunding shame.

A SOLEMNE & SERIOVS ADVERTISEMENT *TO THE READER.*

THe ingenious gentleman whoſe verſes give you entrance into the *Panegyrike*, point out *the pitifull Authour* of yᵉ piece, by what inſtances he thought fit, part of which I am not acquainted with, but toke my aime at his perſon by *Coñon Fame* the Interpreter of the two letters he præfixeth, and yᵉ Reporter of ſome circumſtances, at the *ſacrificing* unto his *Idol*, which argue rather a degeneration and dejection of his ſpirit, then any conſiderable aggravation of his *crime*. So great a name (for ſome excellencies heretofore held in ſuch deſerved account) having the reputation of it, I may by many of good ranke be cenſured for offering at *a ſentence upon his life*, or at leat for degrading him from the priuiledge of a *Scaffold*: but ſuch tender Hearts are addouced rather by yᵉ ſmoothneſſe of his ſtraine, then honourably incenſed at the ſeverity of his matter, which, like a deluding ſtreame, more dangerouſly undermines the bankes of his *Prince's* intereſt, then a bolder torrent that attempts to invade his territories by a deluge: My indignation at that *treacherie* prohibites me to retract what extremitie hàs paſsd' my pen: and my obſervation of his *ſecond lapſe*, after a ſeeming recovery (as I charitably interpreted) in ſome meaſure from his firſt, renders him in my preſent opinion, more then halfe deſperate, & them moſt unſecure (if any loyaltie they bave left) who, in greater confidence then aſſurance, are ſtill fond of his converſation: for that unſpirited gentleman, who ſo puſillanimouſly hàs twice forfeited his fidelity and honour, to

ſet

set a foile on his flatterie, when the *Tyrants* eares staud wide open; will never refraine a new adventure to bestray his friend, you may have long since read his *poëme* & discourse of it as you are affected. I have now a fresh presented it with my descant to yor review, but in more earnest thrust upon you my ensuing *prosaike glosses*, desiring you seriously to deliberate what may be ye danger, as you will easily observe (if neither *covenanted* nor *engaged*) what is the vileness of it.

„ 1. In blaspheming God, by drawing his providence into „ ye positive contrivance of all the *Vsurpers* villanies, frauds, „ cruelties, & other impious meanes he used to accomplish „ his ambitious ends, which he applaudes, in the successe, as „ the greatest hapinesse Heaven had in store for a peculiar „ People under its chiefe regard, & a most certaine demon- „ stration of his being signally in Gods favour & election „ for it.

„ 2. In transferring (what in him lyes) ye Imperiall power „ over the English Nation unto a *Vassal* of it, in the title of „ his Poëme, and quitting his allegeance by delivering him- „ selfe up to the protection of a *Rebell*.

„ 3. Marke his abominable contradiction, in making y^e „ *Great Apollyon* a Restorer of his Countrey, & a glorious „ state, of what the World beholds *a Scene of misery and blond.* „ *St.* 4.

„ 4. His intolerable flattery in extolling that for a Court „ of Iustice and succour unto the oppressed, from whence „ issue the Edicts of all injustice and cruelty, & that *devoted* „ *Wretch* a Protector of the World, who has practizd' *rapine* „ on every Canton he could come at. *St.* 8.

„ 5. His Paralleling the *purchased successes* of a *daring Rebell* „ to ye cleare victories and generous conquests of three Mar- „ tial Princes, and y^e *tainted blond* of a *partisan* to ye Royall „ current in their veines. *St.* 18.

His

„ 6. His chaining ye native liberty of ye Scoth & Irish to
„ the arbitrary pleaſure & inſolence of a *wanton Tyrant*,
„ whom he will have 'em thanke for the courteſie of being
„ ownd' his ſlaves. *St.* 4.

„ 7. His ſenſeleſſe attributing clemencie, mercy & civili-
„ tie, to that *monſter of men*, whoſe policie & power hàs been
„ dayly imployed in enſnaring & torturing the Nobility &
„ Gentry of His Maties party, that would not abjure & deſert
„ their loyalty and his juſt cauſe: and urging them to a for-
„ feiture of lives, liberties & eſtates, according to the tenour
„ of his inhumane ordinances and lawleſſe lawes. *St.* 28. 29.
„ 30. 31. 32.

„ 8. His ſubtile inſinuation to withdraw them from their
„ allegeance, & invite their ſubmiſſion to this *degenerated*
„ *Creature*, by the antiquitie of his extraction, together with
„ an irrationall opinion of his maintaining & illuſtrating
„ their priviledges and honours: when as ye Nobilitie of no
„ Nation ever had ſuch reproach & indignitie offerd' them,
„ by veſting mechanike & meane-borne perſons with æqui-
„ valent titles & much more then æquivalent authoritie,
„ countenancing them in precedence, and (litle becoming
„ the extraction he pretends to) permitting theſe *muſhrome*
„ mere excrements or excreſcences of his ſoile ſo frequently
„ to offront 'em, & inſult upon their perſons. *St.* 32.

„ 9. His masking a deſire of a more early *rebellion*, with a
„ wonder it was deferred. *St.* 33.

„ 10. His prophane comparing *Cromvells* neceſſitous & me-
„ lancholike retirements, with H. Davids contemplative
„ paſtorall privacie, as if ye integritie of both had been the
„ ſame in their receſſes & ye method of their lives alike or-
„ derd' to the like end by ye diſpoſition of heaven. *St.* 34.

„ 11. His putting the effects of a *reſtleſſe ambition* upon the
„ call of his Countrey, which in truth was the call of his

„ *Armie* or y^e^ *rebellious Citie* præinſtructed by himſelfe; & the
„ *Highneſſe* he has obteind' preſervd' to Him by no affection of
„ the people, but by terror of the ſword. *St.* 35.

„ 12. His fallacious languaging *an awd' ſilence of ſubdued*
„ *Soules*, ſatisfaction of ſtate, or ceſſation of its diſtemper.
„ *St.* 36.

„ 13. His endeavour to diſparage Chriſtian fortitude and
„ honourable indignation againſt y^e^ *Tyrants* proceedings, mi-
„ ſcalling it Envie; & magnifying ye iſſues of his *cruelty* &
„ *coſenages* for Vertue. *St.* 37.

„ 14. His terrifying Heroike ſpirits, whoſe conſcience and
„ courage might inſtigate them to execute ſeaſonable iuſtice
„ by the *ponard*, upon Him that hath wrought all-injuſtice by
„ the *ſword*, with an apprehenſion of renewing a civile war-
„ re to be proſecuted in bloud and rage; whereas no ſure pea-
„ ce can ever otherwiſe be expected; nor pay they leſſe for an
„ *uncertaine truce*, or *faint intermiſſion*, then a ſubjection of
„ *lives, fortunes, families, honours, reaſon, religion*, all that can
„ be held deareſt by Chriſtians, or men, to the luxurious *ty-*
„ *rannie* of a *Paricide* & *Impoſtour*. *St.* 38. 39.

„ 15. His paganizing with H. Scripture, in an invocation
„ of his *apoſtate Muſes*, the proper Deities of his devotion,
„ bidding defiance to God and King, in declaring a reſo-
„ lution to ſet up a ſolemne trophie for the *ruine* of *the beſt*
„ *Church*, & *aſſaſinate of y^r^ beſt Prince* ſince Conſtantine & y^e^
„ Canon of that Age. *St.* 44.

„ 16. His firſt addreſſe (which for no improper reaſons I
„ charge laſt) by a *traitourous* reflection upon the moſt *ſerene*
„ *Matie of his King*, who muſt be *the foe* he meanes, from
„ whom, it ſeemes, he deſires his guilty ſelfe & the abuſed
„ people of the three nations ſhould be ſtill protected. This
„ Stanz. 1. beſide the undeſerved diminution he muſt needs
„ intend, by conſequence or implication, in extolling ſo fre-
„ quently the *Vſurpers* ſingular magnanimitie & dexteritie in

govern-

„ government, when his conſcience can not but ſuggeſt to
„ him, upon ſufficient evidence, ſome notices of ye Kings
„ courage ſurpaſſing any cleare particular can be attributed
„ to that *more bold, or more fortunate, then valiant Rebell*; &
„ ſome practices of his perſonall prudence in ye difficulties
„ (which have been too many & too intrigued) his Matie hàs
„ encountred, as, accompanied with other divine and Royall
„ excellences, render him to all that can or will ſee their
„ luſter through ye cloud of His miſsfortunes, ſo fit a mode-
„ ratour of all incidents to the regiment of three kingdomes,
„ as any Prince in ye Chriſtian world. I may preſume too
farre without comiſſion, but what every man hàs from
Truth, that knowes it, if I inſtance to *Mr Waller* (who needs
no ſuch inſtruction) in ye moſt excellent endowments,
„ both naturall & acquired, His Matie is poſſeſſd' of. [ye ori-
„ ginal iuſtice & clemencie of his diſpoſition, ſagacitie of
„ ſpirit & ſoliditie of judgement ſteadineſſe in Religion, wi-
„ thin the liberties allowed by Chriſtian Charitie, & prece-
„ dent, for compliance whereinſoever it may oblige & ſatis-
„ fie diſſenting parties, upon *conſcience*, not *intereſt*, *in ſacris*
„ never to be intended. Conſtancie of reſolution, what ere
„ otherwiſe, Malice, or Curioſitie, or Iealouſie may have
„ obſerved (in more rigour then good maners) from any
„ ſhort retreat to new Counſells, or byſtep to convenience,
„ when importunately repreſented; Æqualitie of temper
„ upon all indignities, injuries, neceſſitie, hazard; Majeſtike
„ freeneſſe, with election & providence, in his graces; The
„ mixture of a noble & courteous Gentleman with the ſtate
„ & grandure of an highborne Prince, in converſation and
„ admiſſion of addreſſes to him. *The fortitude of y^e^ ſtouteſt He-*
„ *roe, the mercifulneſſe of y^e^ ſofteſt Virgin, & ye fidelitie in perfor-*
„ *ming word & promiſe of the devouteſt Prieſt.* To all which, &
„ much more that *Mr Waller* knowes might be added, without
„ flatterie or deſigne, let us adjuſt ſo many yeares unfortuna-

te

„ te varietie of experience in ye persons languages, customes,
„ mysteries &c. of foreigne Courts & Countreyes, such as no-
„ ne of his Majesties Ancestours had opportunitie or miserie
„ enough to attaine unto, (surpassing all ye homebred scru-
„ tinies & subtilties of y^e^ *Vsurper*, or all his outlying ungene-
„ rous discoveries by mercenarie espialls) of invaluable ad-
„ vantage to the perpetuall policie of His kingdomes, if taken
„ from His person, with ye lively Com̃entarie of his reigne,
„ and practike exercise on his Throne; not borrowed from
„ his dead memoriall, to garnish a future Historie, or ye Mo-
„ nument of His subjects *too-late loyalty* to Him in his Grave.
„ The sum̃e of all which, and what more is left to ye scatterd'
„ character in fame, on accidentall observation, is ye Pytha-
„ goreans motto of an accomplish't Prince. Ὀυδὲν ἀφασίλευτον.
„ *He has nothing like a Tyrant, nothing unlike a King.*] So y^t^
here! here! had been more proper worke for *Mr Waller*,
where he might have soard' upon ye wing of an Eagle, whi-
le he tund' his layes to Apollo's Lyre, & curld his Muse by
the miroir of ye Sun; not so unworthy of himselfe, have
stoupt to dip her feather in a dunghill, not made her swim̃e
such a solemne course in fogges & filth, ye poysoned breath
of serpents & toades, glooming on ye surface of a Lake,
and to chatter like a swallow in a storme. But reputation is
not regarded when neither honour nor honesty is had in
purpose. My desire is, what I here present, by, & from the
hand of integritie & Truth, may remove whatsoever pre-
judice the slie artifice of y^e^ *Poëtike Rebell* hath wrought into
ye hearts of such as otherwise are capable to, readmit y^e^
image & be consignd' to ye obedience of their now *exild'*
King, & *rejected God'*, presuming no deluded soul dispos-
sessd' of one but by a sinfull & dangerous (I hope not de-
perate) dereliction of the other. Nor am I so great appre-
hension of *Mr Wallers* sharpest *Satyre*, as hope of his *Peni-
tentiall Palinode*, yet not to be *sung*, but *sighd'* & *wept* out at

ye two

ye two Tribunals of Heaven & Earth, where I as heartily wiſh him pardon, as I doe ye rigour of juſtice and revenge, if he perſeveres, as he promiſeth, the *Panegyriſt* of *rebellion, hypocriſie*, & yet unchaſtiſed *murder* leaving thee, my Reader, in y^e ſame capacitie of *hell* or *hapineſſe*, as thou uſeſt my intimations, which thinke of ſeriouſly at thoſe minutes, when our phantaſtike Poëtry is throw'n aſide, & thou proſtrate in his preſence, ye Veile of which thou behold'ſt to have a more ſtringent & awing luſter then y^e ſwords & jewells wherewith Guilt & Robberie have now charg'd the Cabinet at Vhite-Hall or Hampton Court, which Veile hereafter drawne, or y^e ſparkling ſtarres that beautifie it run all about the Centre ofthy Soul & Body into one encircling light, thou ſhalt with *ravishment* or *horrour* ſee Him that ſitteth upon the Cloud from whoſe mouth thou muſt then expect *thy ſentence for an eternitie of miſerie or bliſſe*, as thou plighteſt thy fayth, and payeſt thy obedience, to Him that is, or Him that ought to be, own'd, thy Soveraigne, & placed upon the Britiſh Throne. *A Dieu.*

THE STORME
RAISED
BY Mr WALLER
IN HIS VERSES VPON THAT WHICH HAPENED ABOVT THEIR PROTECTOVRS DEATH;
ALLAYED
IN A DOVBLE ANSWER,
ONE
BY THE AVTHOVR
OF
THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

Ἀραχνίων μεστὴν ἔχεις τὴν γαστέρα.
Ἄναξ Ἄπολλον. τῶν ἐπῶν ὡς ῥευμάτων
καναχοῦσι πηγαί. δωδεκάκρουνον στόμα,
Ἰλισσὸς ἐν φάρυγγι. τί ἂν εἴποιμί σοι;
εἰ μὴ γὰρ ἐπιβύσει τις αὐτοῦ τὸ στόμα,
ἅπαντα ταῦτα κατακλύσει ποιήμασι.

ON THE STORMES HAPPENING ABOVT THEIR PROTECTOVRS DEATH BY Mr WALLER.

We muſt reſigne; Heav'n his great Soul doth claime
In ſtormes as lowd as his Immortall fame:
His dying groanes, her laſt breath, ſhakes our Iſle;
And Trees uncutt fall for his funerall pile:
About his Palace their proud roots are toſt,
Into the aire. Thus Romulus was loſt,
New Rome in ſuch a Tempeſt loſt her King,
And from Obeying fell to Worshiping.
On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead,
With ruind' Okes & Pines about him spread,
Thoſe his laſt fury from the Mountaine rent.
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Ravish't whole Townes, & forts from Spaniards 'reft,
As his laſt Legacy to Britaine left.
The Ocean, which ſo long our hopes confind,
Could give no limits to his Vaſter mind,
Our bounds enlargement was his lateſt toyle,
Nor ha's he left us Priſoners in our Iſle:
Vnder the Tropique is our Language ſpoke,
And Part of Flanders hath receivd' our yoke.
From Civill broyles he did us diſengage,
Found Nobler objects for our Martial Rage.

And with wiſe Conduct to his Country showd'
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.
Vngratefull then, if we no teares alow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.
Princes, that feard' him grievd', concernd' to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.
Nature herſelfe tooke notice of his death,
And ſighing ſwelld' the Sea with ſuch a breath,
That to remoteſt shores her billowes rolld'
Th' approching fate of their Great Ruler told.

THE ANSWER BY A LOYAL GENTLEMAN.

Waller, your *Cromvell*, and the *Stygian* hoſt,
The *Flouds* & *Whirlwinds* that conveighd' his *Ghoſt*,
Should paſſe for me, Nay, you might praiſe mens crimes
As *Servant*, & as *Poët* of the *Times*.
But can I brooke that your inconſtant hand
Should bring ſuch ſprigs of bayes, t' adorne a land
Where Woods of Laurell grew, whoſe ſword in *Spaine*
Gave orders by her *Prince*, what King ſhould raigne:
Whoſe forces populous *France* could not repell,
And therfofore gave her *Crowne*, and *Iſabell*;
Who conquerd' *Cyprus*, reskued *Paleſtine*
From the rude hand of the proud *Saracin*;
And ſpred her fame, ſupported on ſuch Wings,
Vnder the Conduct of her lawfull *Kings*.
Sure 'tis no wiſdome, now ſhe is oppreſt,
To vexe her *Genius* with that *poore acqueſt*,

And

And make her boaſt of a *Walld' piece of Sand*,
Ownd' as the purchaſe of a foreigne hand.
Your *Tropique Iſle* is but a remote Cage
For Engliſh Victimes, when *New Spaine* ſhall rage.
And from your Peace ariſe Warre's laſting ſeeds,
The outward Wound is skind', but the Heart bleeds.
Vhy by extolling this meane Recompence
Would you revive the thought of her Expence?
She might forget one *Tyrant* had ſqueezd' more
Of Treaſure from her then ten *Kings* before.
If you would know why Nature that foreſaw
Your *Tyrants* death trangreſſd' her Common law,
And ſighd' a *Storme* that did ungrapple Woods,
And rolld' the billowes of the High-ſwol'ne floods;
She was afraïd that *Parricide* would fill
Her vaſt extent with that diſſolved *Ill.*
That Monſter-queller, Vanquisher of Crimes,
Why name you him in your officious rimes?
What likeneſſe can you fancy theſe two had,
Vnleſſe you meane to tell us, *both dyed mad?*
Somewhat indeed *Great Romulus* ſupplied,
But 'twas the leſſer Crime of *Fratricide.*
Had Ages paſt bin priviledgd' to uſe
The talent of ſo *proſtitute* a *Muſe*,
Rome ſhould have mournd' in Verſe o're *Nero's* grave,
And *Pilate* would not want an Epitaph.

Epitaph
A Mon egard Pilatus

ANOTHER ANSWER
BY
THE AVTHOVR
OF
THE ANTI-PANEGYRIKE.

WALLER.

We muſt reſigne, Heav'n his great Soul doth claime
In ſtormes as lowd as his Immortall fame &c.

ANSWER.

You muſt reſigne, but Heav'n retrives few Soules,
That carkaiſes leave proper food for fowles;
Nor deignes alike, to the *Converted Thiefe*,
And *Irrepentant Regicide*, reliefe.
From that *White-Hall* who would not mercy ſue,
To 'th' *Prince of Darkneſſe* is awarded due,
Claimd' in ſuch language as his *Furies* ſpeake,
Whoſe ſentence, wrapt in *clouds*, in *ſtormes* muſt breake
While *Fame*, with *lightning* winged, haſts to tell
The World's foure corners *juſtice done in Hell:*
How, when that *curſed Soule* was to expire,
The *Windes* were all let looſe *to blow the Fire*;
For quick deſcent to the *bloud-guilty Ghoſt*,
Earth threw her entrailes up, their rootes *Trees* toſt.
The *Night-bird* waiting till the dying tone
Deſpaire breathd' in a diſmall *Mandrakes* grone:
Though ſome, to elevate his guilt, maintaine,
That ſunke not *Charon*, but the *Hurricane*.

Waller.

WALLER.

——————— Thus Romulus was loſt.
New Rome in ſuch a Tempeſt loſt her King,
And from obeying fell to worſhiping.

ANSWER.

So was *Rome* quit from her *Wolfe-ſuckled Thing*,
Who of a *Cottager* would be a *King*;
Onely Her nobler *Senate*, for redreſſe,
The *ſalvage Soul* themſelves did diſpoſſeſſe,
And tore aſunder the *devoted breaſt*
That ſtalld' the *Foſter-Spirit* of a *Beaſt*;
From *Cures* fetcht, the *Scepter* ſure to ſway,
The *Prince* that brought them *Prieſt* and *Holy-day*.
If that be to *Obey*; to *Worship*, this;
You are brave *Romans*, to doe both amiſſe

WALLER.

On Oeta's top thus Hercules lay dead
With ruind' Okes and Pines about him ſpread.

ANSWER.

Mad Hercules on *Oeta's* ſummit ſtood,
Clothd' in a ſheet of *ſelfe-revenging Blood*;
And, though not guilty of a *ruind' Iſle*,
By unſeen *Fate* was forc't to build his *Pile*.
Horrours more sharpe ſtings did your *Tyrant* pricke,
Who died both *Hypocrite* and *Heretike*.
Diſquiſd' convinced *Reaſon* in his *Vill*;
Departed with leſſe *honeſty*, then *skill*.
Inexorable *Nemeſis* ashamd'
That her confronted power should be defamd';
That crimes, *defiance* bidding to her *feare*,
By *Precedent* should punishd' be, or *Peer*;

No *Okes*, nor blazing *Pines*, about him ſpred,
But ſtiffled *Conſcience* in a *feather-bed*;
Then in a *Whirl-wind* hurried it to feel
Th' eternal torture of a *turning wheel*;
Or what may judged be a fitter doom
By th' *injurd Shades* in their *Elyzium*.
Such as fell proſtrate in y^e *walled Chace*
Adord' the *Ancient Genius* of the *Place*
Who his retirement keepes, and *Taraſſe* Walkes,
On which in *Tempeſts* with the *Windes* he talkes,
Wrapt in the laſt breath of his murtherd' Lord,
And the blouds reſtleſſe vapours, theſe *the* word
Revenge articulate in *midnight cries*,
Fright waking *Rebells*, yet deceive their *ſpies*,
Which non diſpatched to Earths utmoſt bound,
Summons Iuſt Powers to ſee the right Heire crownd.

WALLER.

Thoſe his laſt fury from the Mountaine rent;
Our dying Hero from the Continent
Ravish't whole Townes, and Forts from Spaniard's reft,
As his laſt legacy to Britaine left.

ANSWER.

There may be *Forts* in *Iſle* and *Continent*,
Like ſome *coy Virgins*, ravish't by conſent;
And *Flemmish* modeſty may leſſe withſtand,
When an *Italian* ha's the *Rape* in hand.
If *Dunkirque* had not loſt her *gallant Squire*,
You had advanc't but in *itch* and *deſire*.
Borborg without her *Cingle* and *green ſhield*,
Was but *Neglect* ſurprized in the *field*,
Howe're you muſt for *Fort-or Cittie-Wench*
Thanke the more *nimble Raviſher* the *French*.

But

But what if *French* and *Spaniard* once agree?
Britaine may forfeit *Nero's legacie.*

WALLER.

The Ocean, which so long our hopes confind',
Could give no limits to his Vaster mind.

ANSWER.

No Element could limit his *Designe*,
Who meant to sap *Heav'n* by a *Golden Mine*;
But your *New Audit* will not pay the cost
For so much *powder* spent, more *labour* lost.

WALLER.

Our bounds enlargement was his lateſt toyle,
Nor ha's he left us Priſoners in our Iſle;
Vnder the Tropique is our Language ſpoke,
And part of *Flanders* hath receivd' our yoke.

ANSWER.

Your bounds enlargement did the *Hero* ſerve
But, whom he could not *hang* nor *draw*, * to *ſterve*; * to his Party.
And the tranſported *Priſoners* of your *Iſle*
Became againe ſuch in the *Tropique* ſtyle;
At beſt, your planting *Colonies* men take
For a remove from *Chaines* to *Spade* and *Rake.*
And thinke the *Yoke* now layd on *Flanders* neck,
When *Spaine* and *France* ſhall reünite, will breake,
For all you winde along the *Coaſting Land*,
Which you count *Cable*, is a *Rope* of *Sand.*

WALLER.

From Civill broyles he did us diſengage;
Found Nobler Objects for our Martial Rage.

So

ANSWER.

So by deceitfull Aſhes *Fire* ſuppreſt
Has a concealed *Fury* reïncreaſt;
And a forc't *Deluge* is the ſad effect
Of an enraged *Torrent* boldly checkt.
Thoſe *Nobler Objects* muſt their pedeqree
Fetch higher then from *Man* and *Monarchie*;
For all his Projects could create no doubt
In a wiſe breaſt, but againſt both he fought,
And on *confounded Government* a *Throne*
In fancie raiſd', that he might *reigne alone*.
Man-Monarchie I ſayd he chac't, the reſt
Being but the *Monſters* worrying the *Beaſt*.
Two Roman Furies, and one lapſed Ghoſt,
Renouncing Peer, Prince, God, his Soul ingroſt.

WALLER.

And with wiſe conduct to his Countrey ſhowd'
The ancient way of Conquering abroad.

ANSWER.

Our ancient *Primes* have in foreigne Lands
Their *Standards* fixt, embattelled their *Bands*
For *Honour* or *Religion*; but He
Raviſht' for *dirt* & pure *Neceſſitie*.
The whiſtling *murmure* heard, and *cloud* eſpied,
To ſet ſpurres to his *Sea-Horſe*, and outride,
Was the preventive of a *threatning Fate*
From a *Wrongd' King* againſt a *Rebell State*.
Like caution uſe men in a Flaming Towne,
Pull downe their Neighbours houſe, to ſave their owne.

Waller.

WALLER.

Vngratefull then if we no teares alow
To him that gave us Peace and Empire too.

ANSWER.

Abandond' Wretch to *Flattery* and *Shame*,
Doeſt thou pay *Teares* and *Tribute* to that *Name*
Which *Heav'n* and humane *Vertue* perſecutes
With *Revenge* and unbounded *Hate!* reputes
The *Eccho* of *Impiety!* and *what*
Muſt character a *Miſcreant*, calls *That!*
Could thy *Heart Marble* be! and frozen *Eyne*
Congele to *Ice!* become true *Cryſtalline!*
Were thy *Poëtike Braines* turnd *Adamant*,
Such as *Bloud* could not *ſoften*, but *enchant*
To ſtubborne ſtiffeneſſe, when *Great Charles 's Waine*
Was drenched in an Erythraan Maine!
Now breake all into *Teares!* By meaſurd' *Art*
Lament th' or'eturning of a *Brewers* Cart!
Pluto's Præcentour! Call'ſt thou Vs to ſing
A *Dirge* for the *Slave* that killd' his *King!*
Then goe and pay the *more-repentant Iew*
That *crucified* thy *Saviour* prayſes due;
Of *Martyrd Limbs* raiſe for *Iſcariot*
A *Mauſoléan Tombe*, that layd the plot;
Weep at ye memorie of his *Deceaſe*
That *Hell* enlargd', whoſe *Fury* is thy *Peace*.

WALLER.

Princes that feard' him grievd' concernd' to ſee
No pitch of Glory from the Grave is free.

ANSWER.

Abusd' Credulity! They rather *scornd*;
Tell me, which of thy *grieved* Princes *mournd*?
Demand their suffrage; If they would not have
All their owne *Rebells* throw'n into his *Grave*?
That their concernment is; They joy to see
Fort-Rebell from *Surprise* and *Storme* not free.

WALLER.

Nature her selfe tooke notice of his death,
And sighing swelld' the Sea with such a breath
That to remotest Shoares her billowes rolld'
Th' approaching fate of their Great Ruler told.

ANSWER.

Nature toke solemne notice; At his *trance*
Invited all the or'e-wrought *Waves* to *dance*;
Made aged *Neptune* with his *Trident* clime
Vp *Dover-Cliffe*, to *Æolus* give time;
Each other gratulate deliverie
From *smoke*, and *rage*, and roving *Piracie*.
The billowes, that remotest shoares could reach,
Lay downe and laughed on the foming *Beach*;
And We, whom Verse in Panegyres had vext,
Wishd' Fate might cut the Poets halter next.
For such, when *Kings* are *exild*, *Rebells dead*,
As *laugh*, and *weep*, she twists no other *thread*.

FINIS.

The Authour of the second Answer his leter unto the Gentleman that sent him the first with Mr WALLERS *Copie.*

KIND FRIEND,

Being ready to close my *Animadversions on the Panegyrike*, or, ás I titled it, my *Advertisment to the Reader*, I received your letter with (what I had not before seen nor heard of) the *Poëtike Copies* upon the *Storme*, the former whereof hàs all most robd' me of a *parsimonious Vertue*, the litle *Charitie* I had left for the person of him that writ it, and made me twist the few *Apologetike lines* I had there inserted into the *Satyrs twine* you mentiond'. It is too true, what you know one sayd, *Waller is bold in nothing but Poëtry and Flattery*, and his *Cowardise* in all esse made me incline to hope, yt being, as many others, alike afrayd *to die* or *become poore*, the severity of their late *Protectour* had awed him into an ungenerous submission and that compliant *Poëme*; to that I was halfe unsatis fied when the dangerous possibilitie of its effect had extorted from me an imputation of all I feard unto his designe. But, Friend, you have cleared my mistake, and made me list him with the *Desperados* such as *Milton* and *Britannicus*, whose pens and tongues have acted fairly to the *death* and *disrepute* of one, as their kind Heart meant evidently, what it could, to the damnation of all other *Kings*. *Waller* indeed ha's had more *wit*, though not more *honesty* in keeping distance from such reflections; but when he comes to his *Apotheosie*, and formes a bolder *Legend* for an angry *Storme* then some *Persian Poët* did heretofore for the *pious Wind* that preserverd more innocent *Clearchus*;

Cõrps from becoming *Dogsmeate* (as adjudged) by burying it with counterblasts in a heape of dust; When by atchieved or fancied conquest he commemorates his *Saint* as titular to all the *World*; and makes *Nature* herselfe as passionately affected with his death as her Gods, sighing alike under the sad retirement of her Veile at both, ye difference being no more then between a piece of *Cypres* and substantiall *Taffata* I meane the shadow or more darke consistence of her cloud; me thinkes I see his plot layd on purpose, to bring forth a progenie of *petie Deities*; to nurse and suckle them with the milk of his *devirginated Muse*, till they grow up to an apprehension of their birth forsooth, and descent, which declared by such feigned prodigies to be from heaven, if ye abused people can be scared into a resignation of their beliefe (wch we will not doubt but *God* and *Reason* will overrule and prevent) the honest *Heralds* may hereafter search their Office to as litle purpose as heretofore they did in the controversie between the *Red Rose* and the *White*; such a *Poët* and *Perkin Warbeck* without disguise shall frame a title worth ten of the *divided Houses*; as *Waller* who with his wreath of Bayes &c. can now invest a *Brewer's*, could have done as much in times past, against all pretense or right, for *Lambert Simnel* the *Bakers brat*. I shall not need to tell you, Friend, as one did *Calvin Glaucias*. *Non Claudicat, sed Clodicat*, That our *Poëtike Gentleman* ha's not *ignorance* enough to become so lame in his *judgement*; nor superstitious *credulitie* to limpe so in his *beliefe*, as to take a litle *Winde* and *Raine* for *Celestial Portents* confirmative of *usurped titles* to Crownes and Sceptres. His *aged Guilt* has consigned him to the interest of a *prevailing Partie* for his ease or pleasure, & while he can sing or versifie his Soul into a slumbes, he regards litle the *first alarum*, that may awake him into *Amazement*, & has not courage or Christianity enough to thinke of a *later Judgement*, though

advanced so farre in Religion as to understand and halfe-beleeve *en passant*, y^t ye summons to it is by a *Trumpet*, whereas his *Conscience*, like his *Eare* by frequent *Sonnets* is set onely to ye softnesse of the *Lute* or *Viol*. But his surprize will be the more sodaine, & theirs (who are I feare too many) that he charmes into the like declension of any enterprize with hazard in behalfe of their exild' King And may their *Supinitie* then pay the forfeit of what they will not now seasonably and, as they might, successefully redeem by any Acts of *Christian Gallantry* and *Heroike Honour*.

His *cursed Paper* I have sent after the rest unto ye Presse, & with it, though without your leave, the *generous* and *ingenious Answer*; what sleight dashes are made by me, I may have litle reason to expect should be valued in yor serious judgement after that *solemne obeliske* which through the libell wounds the Authour of it at the heart. Yet because you writ, I had not mentiond' my answer to it, as to the *Panegyrike* (which I could not before I saw it,) I thought your meaning was I should doe it, though you knew me otherwise enough imployed; wherein, as in all the rest of your intimations I have, somewhat hastily, endeavoured, to render my selfe, as I doe more deliberately upon receipt of your expresse comands, accordingly as they import,

KINDE FRIEND,

Yo^r most resigned humble servant.

Errours to be amended at ye instance of the Poem.

Dedic: to E. N. vers. 8. Reade poëm.

Let: to ye Poet: Authour &c. v. 24. 1. *Parienesis.*

To the Pit: Auth: [illegible] whilst. Ib: v. 3. whilst. Ib: v. [illegible] had.

Antipan: st: [illegible] v. 1. blacker. Ib: v. [illegible] how. Ant: st: 1. v. [illegible] *libertie.* Paneg: st: 9. v. 4. all. Ant: st: 9. v. 2. his name. Ant: st: 13. v. 3. *rayes.* Ant: st: 27. v. 5. into. Ant: st: 34. v. 6. was. Paneg: st: 41. Could. Ant: st: 44. v. 5. *Queen.* Ant: st: 46. v. 5. will.

Advertisement to ye Reader.

Pag: [illegible] points. l. 13. at least. p. 3. l. 2. betray. p. 3. l. 1. Scoth. l. 21. *mushromes.* p. 6. l. 32. desperate. Ib: in so great apprehension. p. 7. l. 15. to Him that is, or Him that ought to be, ownd' thy sovereigne.

First Ans: to the storme.

Vers: 10. [illegible] therefore. Ib: v. 23. Why.

Second Ans: to ye storme.

Pag: 4. v. 3. but Heav'n. p. 5. v. 22. Disguisd'. Ib: will. p. 6. v. 19. now dispatched. p. 7. v. 22. *Rope.* p. 8. v. 5. pedegree. p. 9. v. 26. pitch.

Letter to ye Friend &c.

Pag: 1. l. 10. r. all else. l. 13. so that. l. 25. preserved. Ib: *Searches* Corps. p. 2. l. 22. *Brewer's.* l. 32. a slumber.